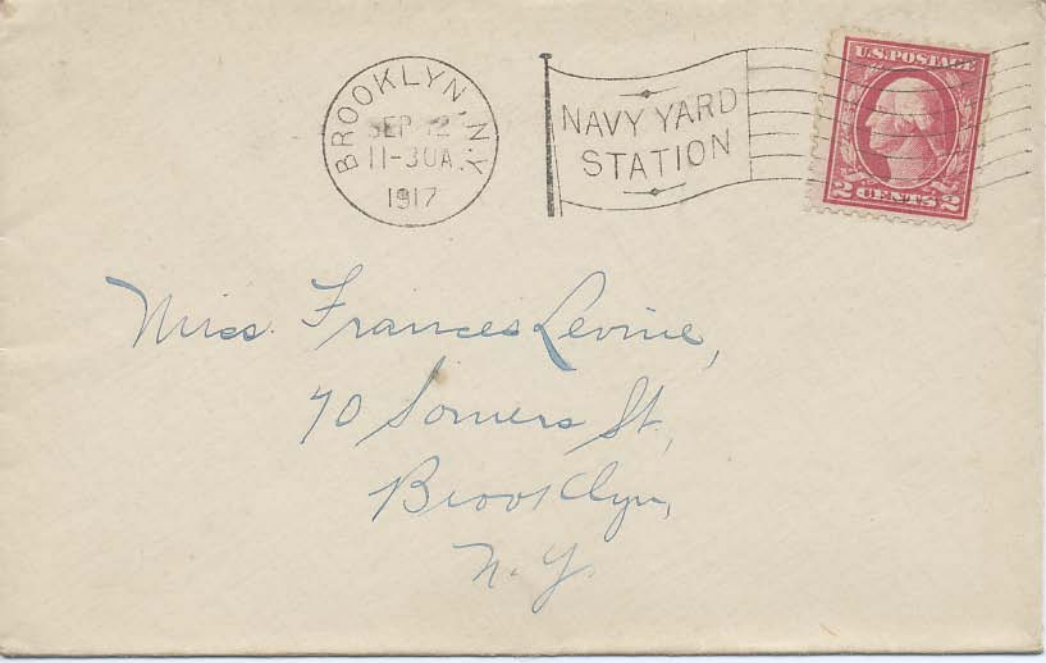

Sept. 12th, 1917.

My darling Frances.-

I'm fearfully sick. I really believe don't know & can't understand what's the matter. Perhaps I've got the grip. Hope not. Feel nervous, full of chills, a terrible headache & what not. I do hope it passes over. Don't know how I ever got home last night. I could hardly stand up. While standing on the car, I thought I'd drop, I felt so bad. Will go to the dentist early, get a hair cut, & go to bed about 8.30 to-night

and see if I can't get rid of it. It may be that I'm only suffering from a heavy cold. My nose does run a good deal & my back pains.

Well, how are you? Were you late to-day? Hope not. How did the girls enjoy enjoy themselves? Hope they had a good time.

Can't write, hots my hand shivers. Having a hard time to write straight. With all my love,

Lovingly,

Joy